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Judge

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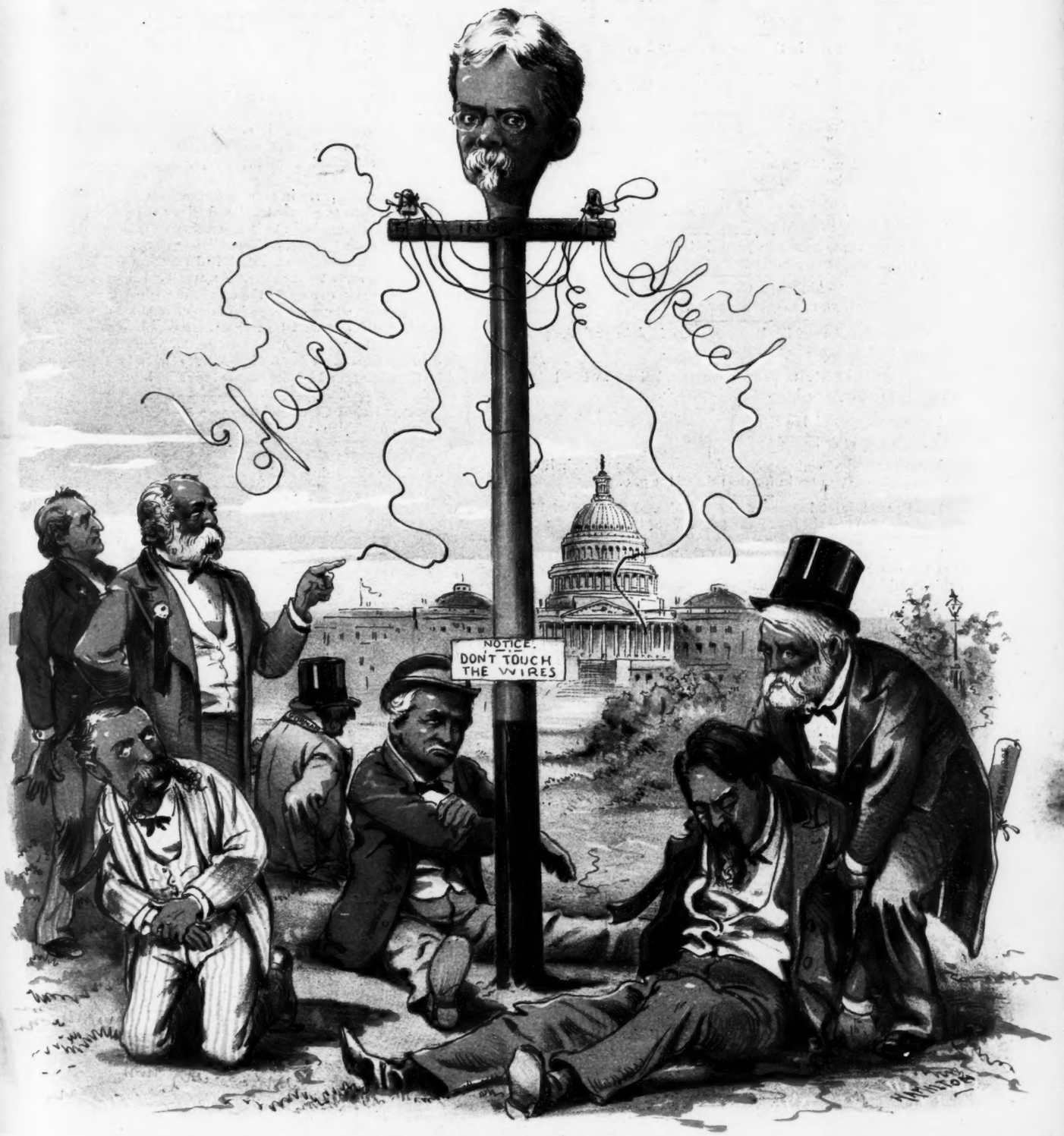

THOSE DANGEROUS WIRES.

Democrats will know better than to meddle with them hereafter.

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK.

President - - - W. J. ARKELL
Art Department - BERNHARD GILLAM
Editor - - - I. M. GREGORY

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MAYOR HEWITT is a very industrious man—he never flags.

THERE IS THOUGHT in the case of Fanny Davenport to be a pearl beyond Price.

IT HAS COME to be an adage that the softer the love-letter the quicker the divorce.

SERENADE by the Democratic party to Governor Hill—"Good-bye, my lover, good-bye."

BOULANGER is writing a book, and his enemy the government feels as if it might breathe again.

THE COMMON COUNCIL of this city observes by the dawn's early light that its flag is not there.

THE NEW CHIEF-JUSTICE wears his hair like a poet's, and his information like a misfit gown and wig.

TO MR. DEPEW—Ah, there, Chauncey! Too many of those magnificent speeches if you don't want to run.

IT SEEMS SAD, but while Brother Dana is doing all the plotting Brother Cleveland is getting all the delegates.

IT IS NOT too early to present congratulations to the lady who isn't going to marry the duke of Marlborough.

THE OPPONENTS of Mr. Blaine are very solicitous as to the gentleman's health, but he appears to be his own doctor.

IF YOU ASK what state he hails from our sole reply shall be, he comes to Maine to run again for the sake of the g. o. p.

MR. BLAINE can take care of his enemies. Let some of his too enthusiastic friends see if they can't take care of themselves.

CHIEF-JUSTICE FULLER is a strictly temperance man, and yet he is more the other way than any of the associate justices.—War-maps of this furnished on application.

THE SHARPEST POLITICIAN is Grover Cleveland, and he is so because he assumes to be so honest that he is in a continual state of surprise over the action of his friends.

MISS FELLOWS, who married the Indian Chaska, has gone on exhibition with her husband at the rate of ten cents a glance; and yet they say she didn't know her own heart.

IF YOU SEE a half-headed little man going around with his eyes to the ground and who acts as if he didn't know how he got there, that's David B. Hill looking for his little boom.

IT IS NICE in Bismarck to say that the peace of Europe will be maintained; but there is the danger of those other parties misbehaving themselves so that the chancellor will have to knock their heads together in behalf of that desirable situation—and that will mean war.

THEY WHO WOULD RULE OR RUIN.

It is beyond question that the contending political organizations (Republican and Democratic, so nearly balanced as they are) regard with anxiety the armed neutrality of that small but assertive band self-christened "independents."

Originally connected with, and a part of the Republican party, and impelled by motives at first consistent and honest, they passed beyond the supporting lines in front, beyond the outer pickets, until their exuberance of temerity carried them into the camp of the enemy. There the penalty for unintentional desertion was political annihilation or a subscribing oath of allegiance to hereafter fight against their old comrades and friends.

This contingent, with its heriditary in one direction and its enforced obligations in the other, is self-conscious of its own uncertainty. While retained on the new side by a suspicion of delusive promises, it cannot retrace its imprudent steps back to those it has deserted. The Democratic party, fully aware that this reinforcement was accidental rather than sincere, a mere spurt of Quixotic vanity and disappointment, is wary enough not to entrust it with any vital position of defence. The independents therefore are obliged to organize a little camp of their own and hoist their little private flag. Each of the great contestants regards it with contempt tempered with dread. It is not a Hessian squad, but equally uncalculable by being erratic. With its one civil-service idea, and its one personal adulation and one morbid personal hatred, it is conceded that its movements are not to be considered as dictated by conscience as much as by aberration.

The history of independent organizations is particularly unfortunate. Egotism has never been a success, and the dictatorial menace of the minority has invariably proved an unmitigated failure.

The Bell and Everett candidacy in 1860, dodging all the burning issues of the hour and screening itself behind the glittering generality of being simply in favor of the constitution, died without an issue. In 1872 Sumner, Schurz & Co. decided, as they could not control, to wreck the Republican party. Magnifying to themselves their own importance and strength, they assisted in aggregating all the disgruntled of their own and the expectant elements of the Democracy into a Liberal party, a party holding as its chief mission the abolition of protection and revenue reform. It concluded its farce by nominating the most ultra of protectionists and the strongest antagonist of Democracy, Horace Greeley.

The Democratic party in regular convention, utterly disheartened by its repeated defeats, gladly trafficked with the Liberal party, and in exchange for its adopting the Democratic platform accepted as their joint chieftain their bitterest ex-Republican enemy.

The old experience repeated itself in defeat. In politics, as in religion, no man can serve two masters. Any political clique whose vitality depends on one man dances on the crumbling edge of its own grave. The independents, whose cohesion is in their common admiration of Mr. Cleveland, while distrustful of the party which controls him, are doomed to disintegration. A patriotic purpose or a great political principle does not depend on any one man. A personal following is measured by the success and limited to the life of its hero. J. A.

QUESTION by Mr. Cleveland to congress—"If you're coming, gentlemen, why don't you come along?"

DAN VOORHEES to Mr. Ingalls—"See here, you man! You hit me with a streak of lightning, and you knew I was totally unarmed."

THE SENATE was not in too much haste for that apology from the tall sycamore of the Wabash. It at least gave him time to get his breath and recover from his injuries.

TAKEN IN.

LAW-BREAKER'S CONFEDERATE—"Say, Bill, will I slug him?"
BILL—"For heaven's sake, no! I'll shake him on de nex' corner. He might be sent ter arrest me fer der nex' offense, an' I wan' ter keep him on der force."

A KALEIDOSCOPIC CHANGE.

MISS FEATHEREDGE (*at the interesting moment*)—"Are you sure, Clarence, that nothing in the world can ever come between us?"
CLARENCE (*fervently*)—"I swear-r-r it!"

MISS FEATHEREDGE'S LITTLE BROTHER (*appearing suddenly*)—"Here's th' last base-ball extra. Giants an' Indianapolis."
CLARENCE—"Which won?!!"

HOW REXFORD WON HIS SPURS.

Rexford was downcast. On leaving college he had felt called to the fine arts, but as his father had mortgaged even the cow to effect a graduation the boy concluded to go to work for Sugar, Light-Weight & Co., grocers.

As he sat in the counting-room, looking, boy-like, at pictures of spice factories and tomato-can machines, he realized that he would soon be rolling barrels down cellar or holding the horse on a delivery wagon to save the cost of a hitching-post.

As his employer approached Rexford inadvertently started that old college air, "We never drink"—

"Ah! a temperate young man at last," cried Mr. Light-Weight as if relieved. "Instead of counting toothpicks or jerking nails out of empty flour-barrels you may take a desk in my private office and attend to the European correspondence."

Half an hour later Rexford's legs might have been seen dangling from a Russia leather covered stool. Mr. Light-Weight's pretty daughter had just gone, not altogether disappointed at not finding papa, and the young man was humming an air—"We never drink behind the bar!"

On what trifles hang human destinies!

LAW'S HEAVY HEEL.

Bobley—"Justice can move quickly when she wants to. Here's a fellow stole some silver-plated ware, and the same day he was sent up for ten years."

Wiggins—"Ten years! I wonder what he'd have got if he had stolen a railroad?"

Bobley—"Got off, of course. What do you suppose the statute of limitations was invented for?"

AFTER ANACREON.

Gods may drain the cup of joy
Proffered by the Trojan boy,
And without a sigh or tear
Gaze upon the miseries here.
What care we for gods' delight,
What care we for sorrow's blight,
When the glittering bowl we twine,
Brimming o'er with rosy wine;
When the bacchanlian song
Rings among the ruddy throng?
Let the spirit of the vine
Shed its inmost soul o'er mine;
Let the maid whom best I love
Meet me 'neath some shadowy grove,
Then, oh then! I'll sing with glee
And mock the happiest deity;
Nor lose one smile or bubble bright
To sit among the twelve to-night.

OSBORNE DUFFIELD.

SUB ROSA CURIOSITY.

MCSTEW (*at Tiffany's, just after getting a settlement of his aqueduct contract*)—"P-sh-sh! Phile th' ould 'ooman 's phricin' solithary dimunds, aise me mind be tellin' me wor thot poor young gurr'l in a railroad acchident or wor she bor-rn so?"

HE RESUMED HIS OLD WAYS.

Claude had just learned something that he never knew before.

He had read that the proper and only correct manner of absorbing soup into one's system was to take it from the side of the spoon, never from the tip—a momentous edict that has lately gone out from the public press throughout the country.

He blushed to think how often he had taken his soup in catch-as-catch-can style.

But it was not too late to reform. The only point about which his mind was still in doubt was from which side of the spoon the soup should be taken.

He sat down to dinner that day with the air of a man who is about to do a great and glorious deed. Then he tackled the soup.

The first few broadsides he delivered at himself convinced him of these facts:

Firstly, a man, in order to absorb soup gracefully in the manner prescribed by the etiquette fiend, must shave off his moustache.

Secondly, the transverse diameter of his mouth must equal the longitudinal diameter of the spoon.

Thirdly, the tip of the spoon must be located at the side.

Fourthly, even then it isn't possible.

Having discovered these facts he resumed his former untutored manof eating soup, as was handiest.

The world kept on revolving just the same.

NO OBJECTIONS TO CHILDREN.

The lady spoke to her new maid,
And praised the place: "You'll be well paid;
We haven't any children, so
The work is very light, you know."

Then said the girl: "Ma'am, no offense;
But pray don't inconvenience
Yourself on my account, ma'am, for
Dear little children I adore."

SAD.

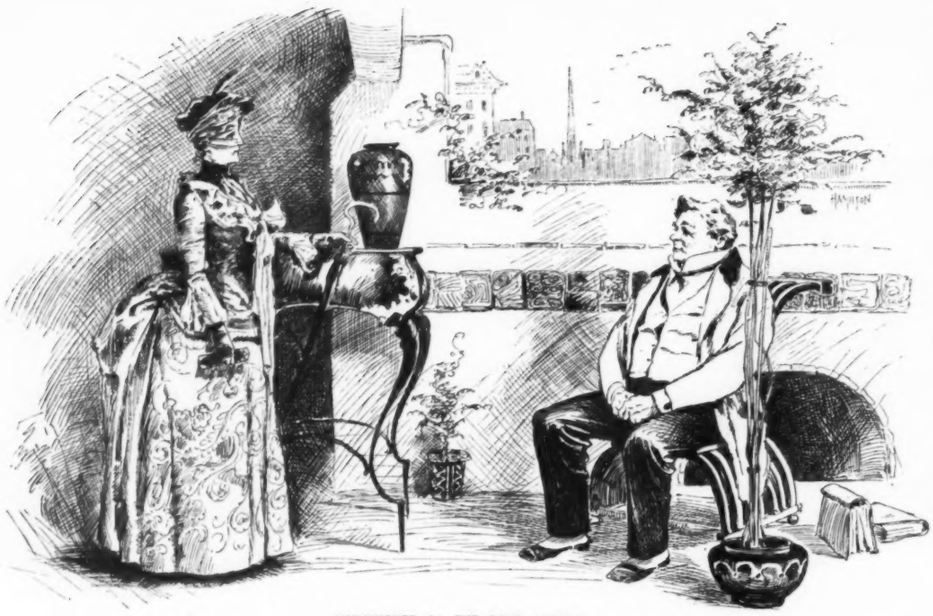
Reflection by a once pretty woman—"Wrinkles are the furrows in which Time sows the seeds of ennui with a generous hand."

AT AN EAST-SIDE LUNCH.

Jaggs—"Er—John, what is this?"

Attendant—"Cheese, sir."

Jaggs—"Whew! Why didn't you have it embalmed before you set it up!"



VANQUISHED ON THE ROOF GARDEN.

PAPA (*decisively*)—"This blamed extravagance has got to stop! If you can't check it I shall have to!"
MISS MARGIE (*sweetly*)—"That's just what I want you to do, papa. Draw the check for a hundred and fifty. I can squeeze along on that until next week."

HUM OF THE COURT.

If any man hauls down the American flag, shoot him on the spot. —*Abram S. Hewitt.*

Several newspapers have formed a trust the better to denounce the trusts of everybody else.

The formation of a Vest club out west would seem to indicate a necessity for several straight-jackets.

The Detroit *Free Press* tells of a leg so neatly amputated that the owner didn't miss it until he tried to scratch it. It is a lie.

By this time the man who moves has found out the address to which he belongs, but all the same he cannot rattle it off glibly at three o'clock in the morning.

It seems strange that nobody has congratulated Senator Fassett on his ability to turn on the light.

When the weather clerk says it will be fair tomorrow you want to hook the finest umbrella that comes your way.

The question is not whether our little governor is willing to head the delegation to St. Louis, but whether our large president will kindly let him.

It is not well to be coarse to a waiter, for that decreases your self-respect; but you must not be kind to him, for that is proof positive to him that you are entitled to no respect at all.

Dr. Mary Walker says that every day she has lived she has gained some knowledge. That is well, but if she might swap it off for a little common sense she would be vastly better off.

The most hilariously wicked man in New York York last week was a reporter who had got a beat on the opposition paper in his account of a great revival. "The blanked sheet had only seventy-five converts in a mere paragraph," he said, "and I figured up at least two hundred in a round leaded column with big heads."

To put a new man at the head of the supreme court, over the heads of the old and tried associate justices—is that civil service reform?

Speaking of the aqueduct business some days ago, Governor Hill used the old quotation, winking the back of his ear at Judge Muller, "All of which I saw and part of which I wasn't."

Jimmy Husted is right in declaring that anybody who says he is a liar must be knocked down, because if the wretch were not disabled he might go to work and prove it.

There is nothing of a mercenary nature about Brother Shepard. Possibly he did act surreptitiously with regard to Fifth-avenue stage stock, but surely he did it for the good of the Lord.

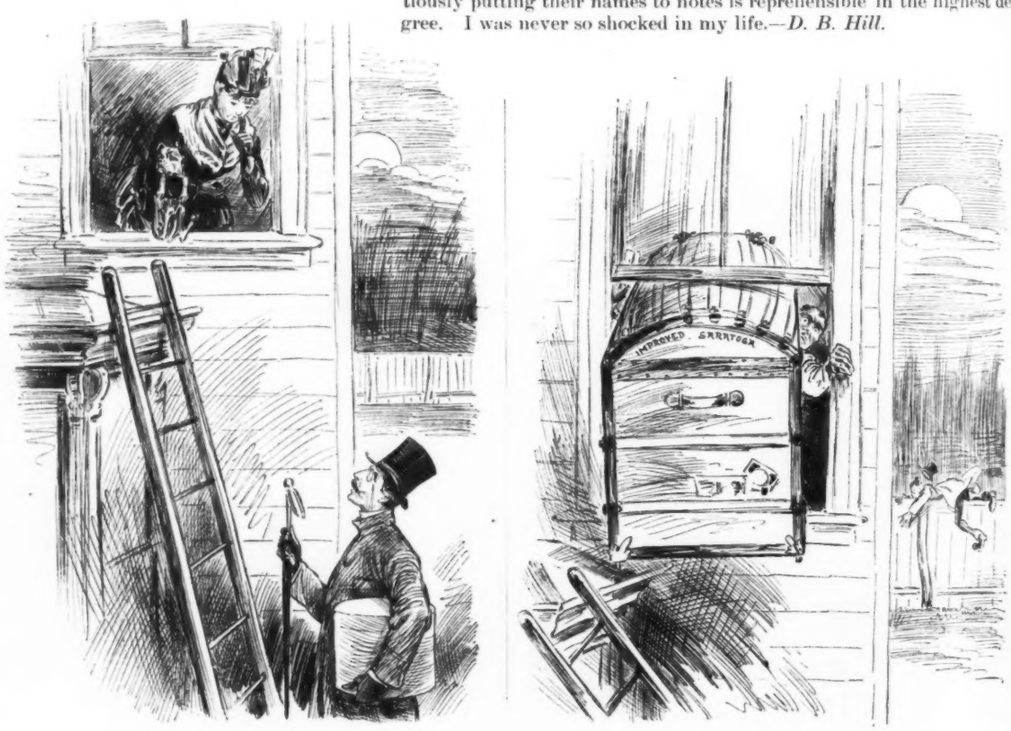
We shall have considerable respect for the argumentative ability of John L. Sullivan until somebody whips him. It is popular just now to cry him down, but we observe that the fleet-footed little Mitchell is very cautious in his remarks.

It is understood that M. Zola has plagiarized from Maurice Barrymore to a most shocking extent; but that is nothing in comparison with the hooking of Victor Hugo from the same lofty source.

The most remarkable moving of the 1st of May—That which stripped a policeman of his uniform and got him in Sing Sing for ten years within twelve hours.

Ingalls's apologies recall the remark of the man who had urged Mr. Haller to smile. The smile was so ghastly that the man called out in horror, "For heaven's sake never smile that smile again!"

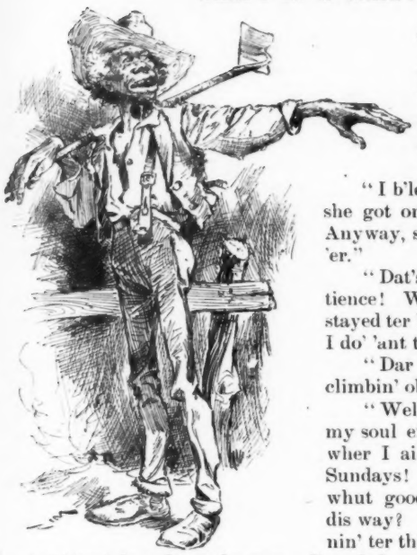
The next time John O'Brien and John Keenan indorse my notes I shall know the reason why. This habit of certain men of surreptitiously putting their names to notes is reprehensible in the highest degree. I was never so shocked in my life.—*D. B. Hill.*



WHY THE ELOPEMENT DID NOT COME OFF.

ELGARDO—"Are you all ready, my dear?"
JULIET—"Very nearly. I'm just waiting for Prince to come and pass out a few little things I shall need."
JULIET—"Can't you ease it down a little, my love?"

WHAT'S IN A NAME?



"Mer', mer'! You' come somebody."

"Who it look like? My Lord in heaben! I'm too busy dis day ter be glad ter see my gran'-mammy's ghos'."

"I b'leeve by de raggid coat she got on 'tis Miss Sary Peah. Anyway, she gut 'er babby wid 'er."

"Dat's des who 'tis. My patience! Wisht t' master she'd a stayed ter hum! De Lord knows I do' 'ant ter see 'er."

"Dar she is, at de gap, climbin' ober right now."

"Well, well, well! Bress my soul ef here ain't Sis Sary, wher I ain' seed fer er mont' er Sundays! How you do? an' whut good win' blow you ober dis way? I wus des erbout 'ginnin' ter think you mus' thought we had biten' dogs down dis way. I'se glad ernuff ter see you ter kill two chickens."

"Hee-ee-ee! Well, I eat um sho'. I'se been metty po'ly dis las' spring, ever sence I hed dis chile. Ain't cyard him ter meetin' but fo' times yit, an' he's mos' t'ree mont's ole."

"T'ree mont's? He looks big 'nuff fer sex—gre't big, fine, chuckle-he'ded feller! Wha' you done name 'im?"

"Prophit."

"Prophit? Whar you git enny sech name es dat?"

"Outen de Bible—Prophit—Moses der Prophit, wha' Caleb's always preachin' 'bout. I wan' ter name 'm arter his daddy—Mose, yo' know—an' he say 'twon't do ter ha' too many Moseses in de same house;' an' so I call der chile Prophit."

"Well, dat's er cu'yus name. I ain't never did heah dat 'fore, but folks mos' in gen'ally gits dey names some sorter crank-sided way. Dar's Pig Choppin now—my las' husban'. You knows 'bout 's name, don' you?"

"I heah um tell sum tale 'bout it; but I dis'member jus' now. How's Br'er Pig now? Got 'is 'ligion yit?"

"All 'e ever had, I reekon. But dat's none, 'cordin' ter my say-so. Dey tells me he er metty bright convert, an' dey gwine set 'im cajortin', soon's he baptized, but ef dey do better name 'im som'p'n else!"

"Why, how come dat? Pig's er good name fer er preacher."

"Not de way 'e come by it. Yo' see, Pig's mars'r uster live down in de coalin's en had de woods full er hawgs; an' dar wa'n't nothin' Pig loved better 'n barbecued shoat. One day 'is ole mars'r war ridin' long right easy, not thinkin' 'bout nothin' pertick'lar, do' he war right smart werried wid som'fin keep on er stealin' 'is fattes' pigs. En w'en he say anyt'ing 'bout hit ter ole man Ned—Pig's daddy—he'd say, 'Fox, mars'r, fox; sho's yo' bawn dem varmits es gittin' metty bad. Fox tried ter bite me t'er'er night in de woods;' an' Pig's ole mars'r b'leeved in Uncle Ned mo'en he did in he self. Well, dar he went, ridin' 'long easy like, an' fust t'ing he know he come ercross Pig wid er li'l' fat shoat un'er each arm, hol'in' dey moufs so dey couldn' squeal, an' des er lafin' an' er lafin' an' er sayin', 'O dat fox! dat bad fox, wha' ketches all ole mars'r's pigs.' Ole mars'r he tuk 'n' jump down an' crope clos' hine 'im, he did, an' cotched 'im by de wool an' say, 'Bress my life, ef here a'n't er big pig er ca'yin' two li'l' ones'! en den Pig thought 'e war sho' gwine git er w'ippin' fer stealen'; but ole mars'r he never totched 'im. Wha' you reekon 'e done 'stead er dat?"

"I dunno! Sole 'im, mebbe?"

"No, sirree—Bob—Jenkins! He wan't dat kine. He took Pig on up ter der hous' an' made um blow de horn fer all der niggers—mars'r had er heap ob 'em—ter come dar. An' w'en dey war all dar in de yahd, he tuk 'n' tuk Pig 'n' sot 'm in er cheer—him an' er shoats too—an' den he say, ole mars'r did, 'Boys, dar's a new han' I got—Mr. Pig Choppin—an' 'is two li'l' brothers. Come up an' shake han's wid 'im all on ye, an' be sho' yo' don' never call 'im nothin' else;' an' frum dat good day 'e war Pig ter everybody."

"Da's er funny name, but dat needn' keep 'im f'm preachin'. He war er sinner den, Sis' Etha; now he's wash' by de blood er de Lam'."

"Mebbe so, Sis' Sary, but 'tain't washed away his taste fer shoat. Ef it ever did dat den I'd b'leeve in 'im."

CHEROKEE.

CONSOLATORY.

VICTIM—"Great Cæsar, you've pulled out the wrong tooth."
DENTIST—"Oh never mind; I won't charge you for it."

SIGNS OF SUMMER.

He—"Isn't the country looking lovely these days, Miss Emeline? The growing grass and the budding trees give evidences of approaching summer."

She—"Yes, indeed; and pa has already got a new front gate."

Boulanger has his pail of red paint and is now trying to make up his mind as to which French statesman he had better use as a brush.

A NEW ENGLAND IDYL.

HOUSEWIFE—"Now, my good man, here's a piece of home-made pie. You go over there an' chop some kindlin' wood, an' when you get through I'll give you some more."

KNIGHT OF LABOR—"Me axe wor a thrifle dull, maddim; but, saints save me! av th' pole yez gev me ain't betther for th' wur-ruk!"

YOUNG BEECHY (*showing off a little*)—"You see the right is delivered in (*biff!*) this way.

THE RETURNS ALL IN.

"It's perfectly easy when you know how to do it, and——

"Biff!!"

A DISPUTED QUESTION.

An old lady who could not bear to think of herself as growing old and spent two-thirds of her time in endeavoring to make herself look young said one day to a lady friend:

"I know people laugh at me; but what can you expect? I belong to the century."

"Yes, but to which?"

AFTER THE CONCERT.

New York youth—"That aria by Sullivan was finely rendered, wasn't it? I do love his songs! By the way, do you know whether he has written anything recently."

Boston girl—"Why, to be sure! Haven't you heard of his $10,000 challenge?"

ALWAYS USEFUL.

Bobley—"I suppose you didn't find your college training of much use while editing a paper in such a place as Devil's Gulch?"

Yalenine—"Didn't, eh? Why, I had to maul the backbone out of half-a-dozen ruffians the first week I was there."

AN INTRODUCTION.

TOM—"Dick, I want you to know Mr. Lunkers, from Paris"——
DICK—"Proud to know you, Mr. Lunkers. Waiter, open a bottle of yellow label."
TOM—"From Paris, Maine."
DICK—"Er—er—waiter, make that order three red-eye whiskies with pepper!"

FORCE OF HABIT.

Passenger (at elevated railroad station, depositing fare)—"One!"
Agent (newly appointed)—"Ale or lager?"

A LACK OF SYNCHRONISM.

MISS CATESBY (*who has been caught by the amateur photographic club*)—"I can't keep this pose up much longer! Why don't the stupid things take me if they're going to?"
PRESIDENT OF CLUB—"Have a little more patience, boys. I never saw such a want of curiosity; but she's bound to turn around soon."

POINTS.

Bosom friends—False fronts.

On the retired list—Sleeping babies.

The blush of a king is a royal flush.

There may be no hell, but there is Canada.

Stock-raising pays better than check-raising.

Bound to make his mark—The man who cannot write.

When crank meets crank then comes the tug of politics.

Belva Lockwood has a new spring bonnet, but it contains the same old bee.

Sullivan has lost his prestige, but he hangs on like grim death to his old-time swagger.

A western Democratic paper calls Mr. Cleveland lucky. After next November it will have to call him Dennis.

Boston pays $10,000 for a ball-player and New York $10,000 for a cook, and yet the papers keep right on telling young men to go west.

WAITING.

When over hedges green and blossoms yellow
The sunlight throws a shadow dark and long;
When birds skim low across the daisied meadow
And still the mellow cadence of their song—

When breezes lightly lift the nodding clover,
And whisper in the swaying of the leaves;
When rosy clouds are hazy o'er the hill-top,
And evening for the dying daylight grieves—

Then do I listen for my loved one's coming,
My heart wild beating as the moments pass;
Then do I watch and wait in silent longing
To hear his footstep on the dewy grass.

Then does the small boy saunter up the roadway,
A letter waving as he nears the gate;
Then do I read that same old chestnut message,
"Detained again—will not be home till late."

KITTIE K.

FROM A RURAL CORRESPONDENT.

(*Special correspondence of the* JUDGE.)

PHILADELPHIA, April 26th, 1888.

MR. EDITOR—Thinking a few items from this vicinity might be interesting to your many readers, I send you the following for your valuable journal:

Bad weather for plowing.

The winter wheat looks well.

Our esteemed townsman, Mr. Drexel, is putting up a fine building on Chestnut street, below the town hall. Mr. Drexel knows how to boom a town. May his shadow never grow less.

The Baptist mite society met at Mrs. Johnston's on Spruce street last Tuesday evening. The attendance was large and $13.30 was realized. Charades, singing and merry games supplied the evening's entertainment, and when lunch was served at 9.30 the table fairly groaned under the weight of good things. At 11 o'clock the company dispersed, all feeling that they had spent a pleasant occasion.

The condition of the sidewalk on Market street, near Mr. Skidmore's drug-store, is a disgrace. We hope ye city fathers will do their duty in this matter.

Pearson Bloss is going to plant his south meadow in corn this year.

A certain young society man of Camden is paying a great deal of attention to one of our popular Walnut street belles. Ah, there, Jim! We are onto you.

Miss Birdie McStucker of Spring Garden street has issued cards for a pound party at the family mansion over her father's grocery store next Thursday evening. Ye reporter is one of the favored ones. Miss McStucker is one of Philadelphia's fairest daughters, and long may she wave say we.

Mr. Isaac Wittenhouse has put a new coat of paint on his red barn, and one of his cochin china hens has just hatched a brood of sixteen chickens. Improvements are going on all over town.

If the blonde young lady who flirted so desperately with Will G—— at the mum social last Monday evening doesn't look out she will get her name in the papers. Your reporter has his eye on her.

There was a double murder in this place last Sabbath evening. The particulars could not be ascertained.

Ye local enjoyed a drive of three hours last Friday with Colonel Corker behind his lightning trotter, "Jersey B." Colonel Corker has just opened a new spring stock of hardware at his emporium on Market street, where he will be pleased to see all his old friends and many new ones. Give him a call.

Mine host Gutworth of the popular caravansary known as the Bikestaff hotel, has placed a new watering trough in front of his premises which is greatly appreciated by the horses of his many customers. Mr. Gutworth furnishes first-class entertainment for man and beast, and we know whereof we speak. The free-lunch at the Bikestaff is the best we ever saw in our life, and mine host Gutworth knows how to treat ye weary newspaper man.

Gunning is good in this vicinity this spring. One of our local Nimrods bagged fourteen squirrels and a wild turkey last Thursday in Washington square.

We are indebted to Mrs. William Bunker of Rittenhouse square for a mess of new spring onions from her own garden—the first of the season, which we will long hold in fragrant remembrance. Mrs. Bunker is the lovely wife of our enterprising townsman Major Bunker, whose soda-water emporium on Chestnut street is the resort of the elite of this place. To boom things and let the hell-hounds of the opposition know that he is still holding the fort, the major is this year selling twenty-five soda-water tickets for a dollar, which are transferable.

There is a certain cigar dealer on Arch street who will be shown up in these coumns unless he is a little bit more accommodating to gentlemen who happen to buy cigars in his place and light them before discovering that they have left their money at home. We name no names this time, but we propose to do our duty as a journalist, let the chips fall where they may.

Many inquiries for summer board have already been received here from people in Camden, Trenton, and Conshohacken.

Your reporter learns that the effort of the Reading railroad to extend its tracks from their present terminus at Ninth and Green streets to Market street is likely to fail. The proposed extension would ruin many of the finest pasture lots between Green and Arch streets, and the farmers are up in arms against it.

A number of strangers have been seen on our streets this week. Come again, gentlemen.

The streets are to be sprinkled this summer with real water. This looks like business.

More anon.

BAXTER MARVIN.

NOT QUITE SO JOLLY EITHER.

FIRST PARTY (*reflectively*)—"Say, Cholly! I'd like to be a great man, wouldn't you?"

SECOND PARTY—"Why?"

FIRST PARTY—"'Cause when you 're sick the whole country is worried about you and sends you all sorts of things."

SECOND PARTY (*enthusiastically*)—"Oh, yes; and when you die everybody mourns for you and all sorts of things. Wouldn't it be jolly?"

MISS MIGHTYSMART (*who is the proud possessor of a glorious head of red hair*) introduces the Spring style for girls having hair of like color.

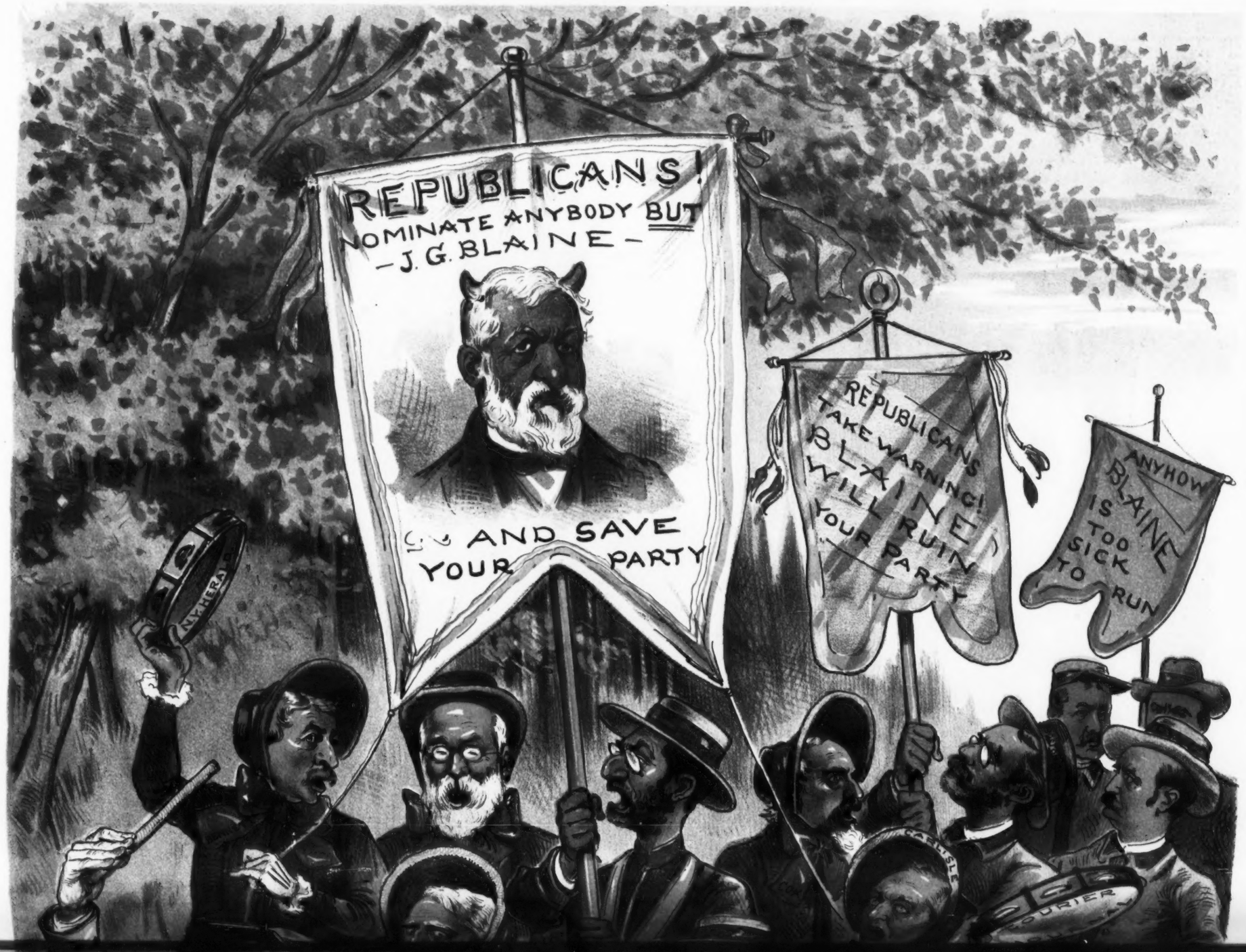
A PROSPECTIVE FEAST.

MISS DAZEWOOD—"How *perfectly* lovely!"

MR. CUSHINGTON—"Do you enjoy such subjects?"

MISS DAZEWOOD—"Awfully. They're so exciting, you know."

MR. CUSHINGTON—"So glad! I mailed an invitation to Mrs. Dazewood this morning asking her to bring you up to Rye next Saturday to see our Tennis club play the Tuxedos."


REPUBLICANS!
NOMINATE ANYBODY BUT
-J. G. BLAINE-
AND SAVE
YOUR PARTY
REPUBLICANS
TAKE WARNING!
BLAINE
WILL RUIN
YOUR PARTY
ANYHOW
BLAINE
IS
TOO
SICK
TO
RUN
NY HERALD
COURIER

THE DEMOCRATIC SALVATION ARMY.

Remarkable anxiety of the Democrats to save the Republican Party from destruction. What does it mean?

THE RHYME OF THE DOGLET.

Two lovers lingering on a stooplet,
Beneath the stars so still and grand—
In dreams he saw the wedding hooplet
Of gold upon her tiny hand.

He slightly leaned upon his canelet,
A timid youth, and frail to see,
And in his heart he felt a painlet,
For love was young, and so was he!

They had partaken of a creamlet,
As lovers will while they are twain,
And now were busy on the schemelet
Of where and how to meet again.

Meanwhile, unto the lone back yardlet
Her father sneaked; a chain let go,
Alack, fond love, and, alack, bardlet
That must relate this tale of woe!

* * * * * *

The youth went bounding, like a goatlet,
With yell and shriek he outward sped.
The dog returned. A piece of coatlet
Hung from his mouth. Love's dream was dead.

MADELINE S. BRIDGES.

A NINETEENTH CENTURY IMPROVEMENT.

At the Paradise terrestrial telephone.

President census bureau—"Hello, there!"

St. Peter—"Hello! What's wanted?"

P. C. B.—"My averages don't come out even. Send down two little angels, blond-haired and blue-eyed, and be quick about it."

St. Peter—"All right."

P. C. B.—"And, say! When you take off their wings see that you don't forget to clothe them with something besides modesty. Pope Anthony's last bull declared that was too thin to wear in this climate."

LOGICAL.

M. was extremely fond of the pleasures of the table.

Noticing one day that his beard had turned gray while his hair remained black, he imparted the sad intelligence to a friend.

"I am afraid, M.," was the unfeeling reply, "that it's because you've worked your jaws a good deal harder than you have your brain."

TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT IT.

Mr. Pooractor—"Humph! The American theatre is all right as it is, but a society has been formed in Boston 'to elevate the stage.' What do you think of that?"

Mr. Everynighter—"Mighty good idea. As mankind has found after repeated attempts that it is utterly impossible to depress the ladies' hats, it becomes absolutely necessary to elevate the stage."

UNDER DISADVANTAGES.

Reporter (interviewing candidate for the presidency)—"Excuse me, sir, but I have unquestionably made some mistake. You say that your parents were wealthy and gave you an academic education."

Candidate—"Yes; that is correct."

Reporter—"That you never went barefoot?"

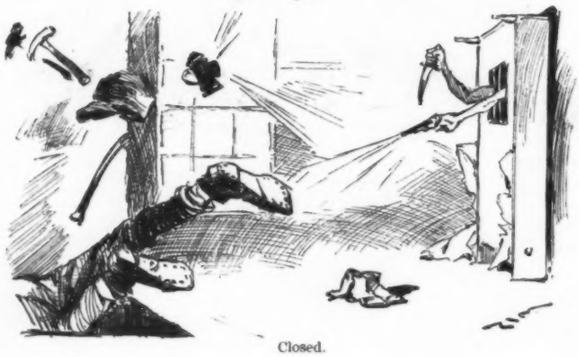
Candidate—"Not to my recollection."

Reporter—"And never served your country in the capacity of canal driver?"

Candidate—"No."

Reporter (drawing a long breath)—"You have my best wishes for your success, sir; but you are laboring under a disadvantage. The public is fastidious on these points. I bid you good morning."

PATENT BURGLAR-PROOF FOLDING-BED.
Open.



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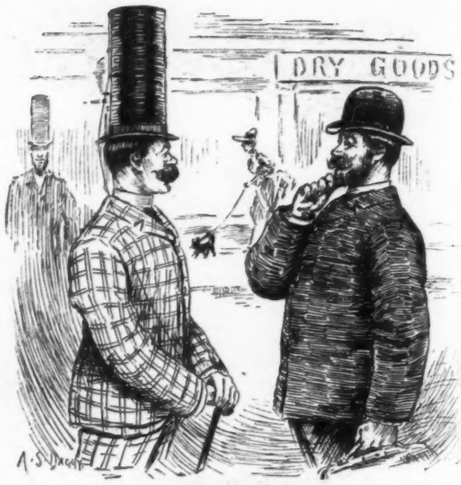


A DOWN EAST INVENTION.

NEW YORK DRUMMER—"You fellows have got the bulge on the Yorkers in the matter of hats, anyway. Did that style of plug originate here?"

PORTLAND, MAINE, CITIZEN—"Yes; it's called the 'Neal Dow.' Take suthin'?"

OLD CHOCOLATE'S TARGET PRACTICE.

A new hat won't stop a headache.

Nebbah ask fo' one apple w'en yo' want two.

Dar's many an ass goes toe mahkit dat doan' tote a load.

Whip de bigges' man in a crowd an' de oddahs ah yo' suvants.

De place toe set de trap am where de weazel caught de chicken.

Yo' know w'en dar er aigs in de cake widout lookin' fo' de shells.

Ef yo' wantah bait de bull, be keerful toe keep dis side ob de fence.

De man dat wucks by de day makes a-many motions dat doan' count.

Dar's no measurin' foolishness. Some men ud git los' trabblin' a straight road.

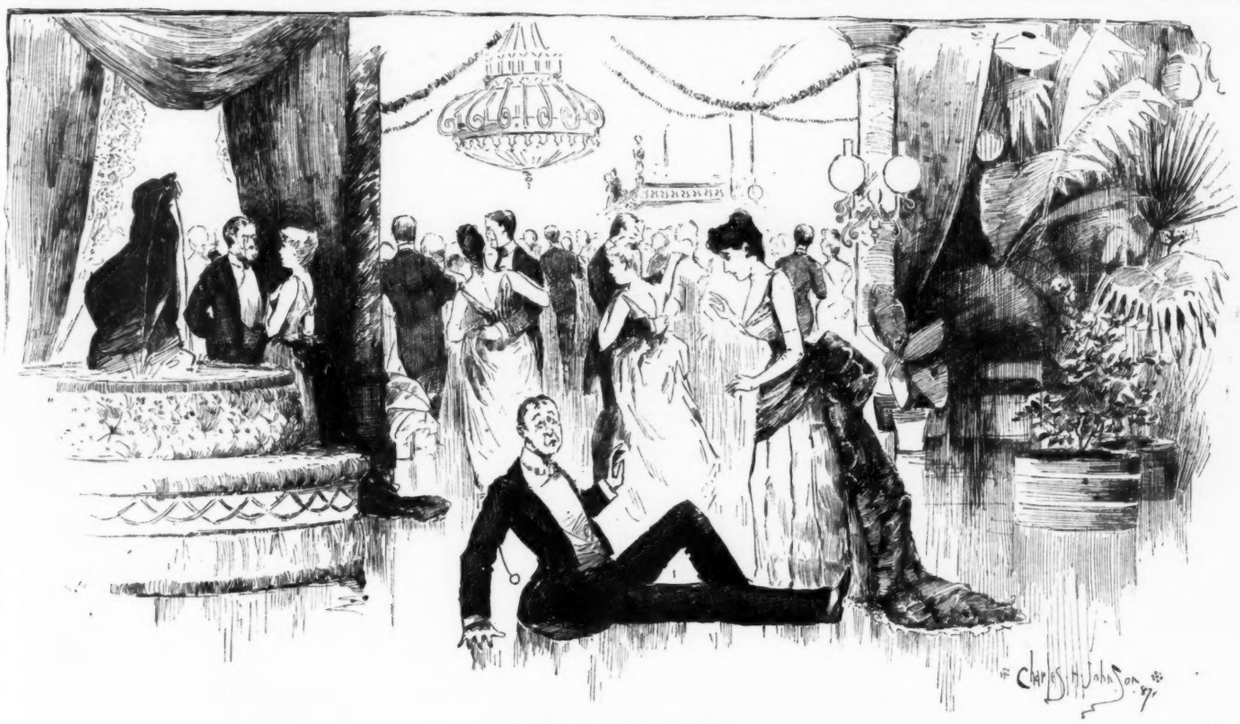
A-many men doan' know 'nuff toe git away f'om a henroos' w'en dey heah de dog bahk.

W'en yo' bacon am gone, de man dat would len' yo' can't an' de man dat could he'p yo' won't.

Yo' er ap' toe gib de man w'o 'grees wid yo' credit fo' a hund'ed pah cent. mo' wisdom en he'm got.

Dar's such a t'ing ez toe much fo'-thought. Ef yo' stan' long 'nuff at de station debatin' wedder yo' ull take dis train er de nex' one, bof ob um ull go an' leave yo'.

J. A. WALDRON.



NOT AN ENTHUSIASTIC DANCER.

MISS BREMER (*sympathetically*)—"It was so awkward of me, and I'm *so* sorry."
MR. WEASLEY (*painfully*)—"Is anybody looking?"
MISS BREMER—"Not a soul."
MR. WEASLEY—"Please let me stay here a few minutes. It's the only place I've been comfortable in to-night."

The nine feminine fencers from Germany should be watched. How do we know that these nine skilled swordswomen are not brought here by Elizabeth Cady Stanton to instruct the great army of women who, some dark night, are to rise and put to death the male population of this country?—*Courier Journal.*

"AFTER SWINBURNE."

"Mine eyes to my eyelids cling thickly,
My tongue feels a mouthful and more,
My senses are sluggish and sickly,
To live and to breathe is a bore.
My head weighs a ton and a quarter,
By pains and by pangs ever split,
Which manifold washings with water
Relieve not a bit."

After Swinburne these lines may be, a long way after for that matter, but what a description of the man whose bowels are costive, liver disordered, blood out of sorts. Such an individual needs Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. They are pleasant to take and powerful to cure.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures all those peculiar weaknesses incident to females.

Throwing dice is considered "shaky" business. —*Yonkers Statesman.*

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SOHMER
PIANOS
ARE AT PRESENT THE MOST POPULAR
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GOLD You can live at home and make more money at work for us than at anything else in the world. Either sex; all ages. Costly outfit FREE. Terms FREE. Address, TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR 25 CTS.
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

THE WEST SHORE AND THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS.

The statement that the railroads are the pioneers in the development of the country was never more truly exemplified than by the growth of the Catskill region since the opening of the West Shore Railroad. The wonderful progress made by the Catskills is most surprising. Before the opening of the West Shore, the number of tourists to this healthful mountain resort never exceeded fifty thousand people in any one season; but since the West Shore opened up, with its splendid service, lessening the time between New York and the Mountains from three to four hours, with drawing-room cars running right into the heart of the mountains, the increase in the travel has been marvellous, and it is estimated that not less than two hundred thousand people summered in the Catskills last season. "Summer Homes," a handsomely illustrated book which is published by the West Shore for free distribution, gives a great deal of valuable information regarding the Catskills that cannot be found in any similar publication, including a list of over 2,500 summer homes, their location, etc. This book will be ready for distribution about May 15th, and can be had at any West Shore ticket office.

GOLD MINES

are very uncertain property; for every paying mine a hundred exist that do not pay. But if you write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, you will receive, free, full particulars about their new business, and learn how some have made over $50 in a single day at it. You can live at home, and earn from $5 to $25 and upwards per day wherever you are located. Both sexes; all ages. Capital not required; you are started free. Send your address, and all will be proved to you.

FACIAL BLEMISHES.
the Largest Establishment in the World for their Treatment. Facial Development, Hair and Scalp, Superfluous Hair, Birth Marks, Moles, Warts, Moth, Freckles, Wrinkles, Red Nose, Acne, Pimples, Bl'k Heads, Scars, Pitting, etc., and their treatment. Send 10c. for book of 50 pages, 4th edition.
DR. JOHN H. WOODBURY,
87 North Pearl St., Albany, N. Y.
Established 1870. Inventor of Facial Appliances, Springs, etc. Six Parlors.

The "Best" Tonic
A Concentrated Liquid Extract of
MALT and HOPS.
MANUFACTURED BY SPECIALTY DEP'T,
PHIL. BEST BREWING CO.
Aids Digestion.
Cures Dyspepsia.
Strengthens the System.
Restores Sound, Refreshing Sleep.
Priceless to Nursing Mothers.
Recommended by Eminent Physicians.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Ely's Cream Balm
Gives relief at once for
COLD IN HEAD.
CURES
CATARRH.
Not a Liquid or Snuff.
Apply Balm into each nostril.
ELY BROS., 235 Greenwich St., N. Y.

ARMSTRONG BRACE!
ELASTIC SUSPENDER WITHOUT RUBBER.

COMBINING COMFORT AND DURABILITY.
No rubber used in these goods. Nickle Plated Brass Springs furnish the Elasticity. Ask Your Dealer for Them.
Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price, at the following list:

A	Quality, plain or fancy web	$ 50
B	" " " web	75
C	" " " web	1 00
D	" " " web	1 25
E	" plain silk web	1 50
F	" fancy silk web	2 00

ARMSTRONG MFG. CO.,
242 Canal st., N.Y., 267 Franklin st. Chicago.

A Common Sense Remedy.

In the matter of curatives what you want is something that will do its work while you continue to do yours—a remedy that will give you no inconvenience nor interfere with your business. Such a remedy is ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. These Plasters are purely vegetable and absolutely harmless. They require no change of diet, and are not affected by wet or cold. Their action does not interfere with labor or business; you can toil and yet be cured while hard at work. They are so pure that the youngest, the oldest, the most delicate person of either sex can use them with great benefit.

Ask for ALLCOCK'S, and let no explanation or solicitation induce you to accept a substitute.

One Agent (Merchant Only) wanted in every town for

TANSILL'S PUNCH 5¢

FREE!—A three-foot, French glass, oval-front cigar show-case **To Merchants Only.** Address

R. W. TANSILL & CO., 55 State St., Chicago.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878

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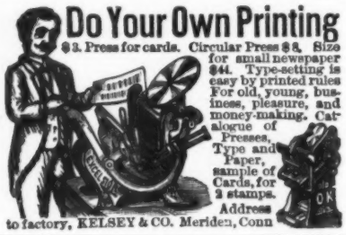
Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted ***absolutely pure Cocoa,*** from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.



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MY LAST LECTURE to weak, nervous men is mailed free. Address, Prof. FOWLER, Moodus, Conn.

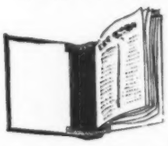
AGENTS WANTED QUICK!

Send one cent for April number of the The Wide Awake Agent, cleanest and brightest agents' paper published. 50c. per year. Four months trial 20c., including name in directory. Canajoharie, N. Y.

BIND JUDGE.

Judge's New Improved Binder

No Hooks or Pins, Consequently No Mutilation of Paper.



This File and Binder consists simply of stiff covers in cloth, with a flexible back, and broad heavy leather straps across the back at the top and bottom of the inside, between which are stretched stout cords for holding one volume or twenty-six numbers of JUDGE.

Price, 75c. *By mail, postpaid,* 95c

THE JUDGE PUBLISHING CO.,

38 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

Is it not time to secure a fishery treaty that will prevent anglers from lying about their catch?—*Alta California.*

OBSERVATIONS.

I have observed that there are gents
  Of theologic training
Who, if a certain lamb backslides
  And does his chief complaining
In sulphurous terms, will spend an hour
  I mildly reprimanding
That sinner who has merely failed
  In proper understanding.

As well my observation proves
  That p'raps this very pastor,
When pod of some banana doth
  Enforce a healing plaster,
Will overbrim his lips with words
  As cutting as a chisel,
And, well—were they in water dipped
  They certainly would sizzle.

Professional Unselfishness.

A FACT.

Pater familias (delighted)—"Why, doctor, this is the smallest bill I've had for twenty years."

Dentist—"Yes, but it don't include professional advice."

Pater familias—"What advice do you mean?"

Dentist—"Six months ago I induced your wife and children to banish bristles and use instead the 'Ideal Felt Tooth Polisher,' which naturally absorbs the oils and deposits on the teeth and perfectly polishes the enamel, thus preventing decay."

Pater familias—"You don't say so? Guess I'll get one myself."

It's Economy. Holder (imperishable) 35 cents. "Felts" only need be renewed. 18 (boxed) 25 cents. Dealers or mailed. Horsey Manufacturing Co., Utica, N. Y.

"JUDGE" of this week contains as a supplement an admirable portrait in colors of Mr. Blaine. It is made from a recent photograph taken in Florence, Italy, and shows in very pleasing manner the face of the man who is so prominent in the ranks of America's great men.—*Elmira Leader.*

A BOOM IN ACCIDENT INSURANCE.

The institution known as the Provident Fund Society of New York, whose President is Mr. A. N. Lockwood, and whose splendid offices in the Stewart building were recently described in *The Graphic*, seems to be growing in popularity every day. Its system of supplying the maximum of insurance at the minimum of cost, its enterprise, hundreds of agents and ample capital all contribute to its unusual success. Although it has been in operation two years, there is not one dollar of indebtedness against the society. Five thousand dollars is given for loss of life, $2,500 for loss of limb and $25 a week for disabling injuries, and yet the cost is only $12 a year. It's worth anybody's while to go to 280 Broadway and get a prospectus.

Sohmer & Co. have spared no expense in the construction of their Piano Factory at Astoria, and they have, no doubt, the finest and best equipped piano-forte factory in the country. Always foremost in the front ranks of progress, liberal in all their dealings, displaying great inventive ability in the manufacture of their beautiful instruments, Sohmer & Co. have certainly made a most important move, which will open up a new and prosperous era in the history of Long Island.

Outbreaks of any kind are always more or less rash.—*Oil City Blizzard.*

HELPS for the DEAF

PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS RESTORE THE HEARING, and perform the work of the natural drums in all cases where the auditory nerves are not paralyzed. Have proved successful in many cases pronounced incurable. Always in position, **but invisible to others and comfortable to wear.** All conversation, music, even whispers heard distinctly. ☞ We refer to those using them. Write to F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, cor. 14th St. N. Y., for illustrated book of proofs FREE.

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Over 25 Pounds Gain in Ten Weeks. Experience of a Prominent Citizen.

THE CALIFORNIA SOCIETY FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF VICE.
SAN FRANCISCO, July 7th, 1886.

I took a severe cold upon my chest and lungs and did not give it proper attention; it developed into bronchitis, and in the fall of the same year I was threatened with consumption. Physicians ordered me to a more congenial climate, and I came to San Francisco. Soon after my arrival I commenced taking Scott's Emulsion of Cod-Liver Oil with Hypophosphites regularly three times a day. In ten weeks my avoirdupois went from 155 to 180 pounds and over; the cough meantime ceased. C. R. BENNETT.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Hamilton Vocalion Organs

FOR CHURCHES, MUSIC HALLS, SCHOOLS, AND DWELLINGS. A PIPE ORGAN WITHOUT PIPES AND NEVER OUT OF TUNE. COSTING ONE QUARTER THE PRICE OF A PIPE ORGAN OF SAME RESOURCES.

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IN GLASS OR WOOD. FULLY EQUAL TO THE BEST IMPORTED. RECOMMENDED BY OUR BEST PHYSICIANS. FOR FAMILY OR CLUB USE. AMERICAN TRADE MARK. FOR SALE BY ALL FIRST CLASS GROCERS & DEALERS.

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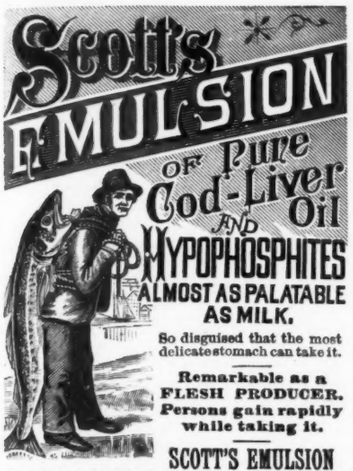
SEND FOR CIRCULARS.

TRADE MARK

EARL & WILSON'S LINEN COLLARS & CUFFS BEST IN THE WORLD



ALMOST AS PALATABLE AS MILK.

So disguised that the most delicate stomach can take it.

Remarkable as a FLESH PRODUCER. Persons gain rapidly while taking it.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Is acknowledged by Physicians to be the FINEST and BEST preparation of its class for the relief of *CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA, GENERAL DEBILITY, WASTING DISEASES OF CHILDREN, and CHRONIC COUGHS.*

ALL DRUGGISTS. Scott & Bowne, New York.

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MADE WITH BOILING WATER.
EPPS'S
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
COCOA
MADE WITH BOILING MILK.

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Make the most appropriate of presents and should be in every parlor and nursery. They are a constant source of entertainment to invalids and the delight and wonder of old and young. They play to perfection selections of Operas, Dances, Ballads, Hymns, etc. They are self-acting and being provided with our patent safety check are absolutely safe from serious accident. We have over 150 different styles from 75 cents to $1400. Send stamp for fine illustrated Catalogue. Can be ordered through any responsible Jeweler.

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CRYSTAL PEPSIN TABLETS
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ALL DRUGGISTS.

THE popular novelty for the family circle and card-players generally. Hyatt's Patent Game Register and Trump Indicator registers points, scores the games and shows the trumps. Awarded prize at American Institute Fair. Sample sent upon receipt of 15 cents in stamps or two for 25 cents. HOPE NOVELTY CO., 72 Fulton street, New York, wholesale and retail dealers in toys, stationery and fancy articles.

The daughters of a millionaire all have fine figures.—*Saturday Gossip.*

"Detroit is losing all its leading clergymen," says the *New Orleans Picayune.* Yes, a number of them are being "called," and you don't realize what a big excuse it is for a chap to stay away from church!—*Free Press.*

FIRST-RATE JOKE FROM KANSAS.

TOPEKA, April 30th, 1888.

JUDGE PUBLISHING COMPANY—I have taken the liberty of getting up a club for the JUDGE, and enclose you herewith draft No. 95,232 on National Bank of the Republic, New York, for $30, for which please send the JUDGE for the coming six months to the address of the different ones on the enclosed list. Kansas is for the nominee of the Chicago convention, backed by sixty thousand majority, and

"We will all sing and holler,
Till we bust our paper collar,
And we'll work for our own candidate;
You may bet your bottom dollar
That our man will be a lallah,
And we'll win in the year eighty-eight."

Please acknowledge receipt, and oblige
Respectfully yours,
ROBT. R. MOORE, *Asst. St. Treas.*

Excelsior is the motto of our esteemed contemporary, the JUDGE. Mr. Arkell has decided, however, to move into his own building as his high-ered offices are growing rapidly too small for his force.—*Evening Sun.*

The high hat is just as black as it is painted.—*Philadelphia Call.*

The picture which JUDGE has procured by special artist, of Mr. Blaine as he actually looks, instead of as the wild correspondents depict him, is a good enough certificate of Mr. Blaine's health. There remains no doubt in any one's mind that he is well enough to be nominated for the Presidency by his party.—*Albany Times.*

The phenomenal growth of JUDGE demonstrates not only that it has been worthy of success, but also that there is a keen appreciation among Republicans of the good work it has done in late years. It is now the most influential illustrated Republican paper printed in the United States. —*Albany Journal.*

GOOD FOR WEAK LUNGS.

Monte Cristo Whisky. The best produced. 75 cents and $1 per bottle. Sent in cases of six and twelve bottles.

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$1.00 FOR AN ENGRAVED SCRIPT PLATE AND 50 CARDS, PER MAIL.
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WHY THE BEST?

That is just what we have been trying to tell you; now suppose you send us one dollar, and receive by mail a sample box of the best 10c. Cigars in the world.

S. S. Sleeper & Co.'s N. & S.

Trade-Mark Registered.

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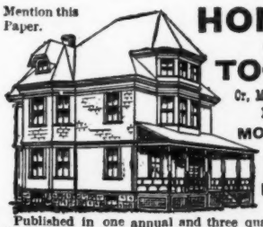

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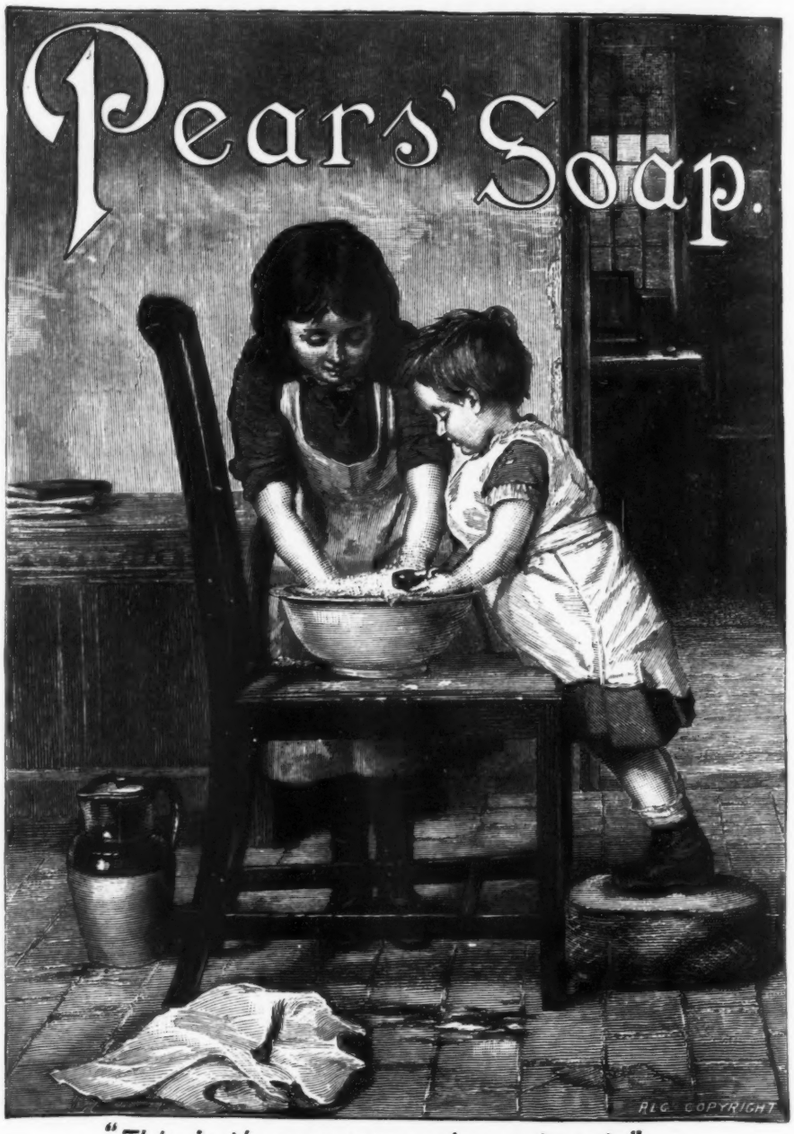

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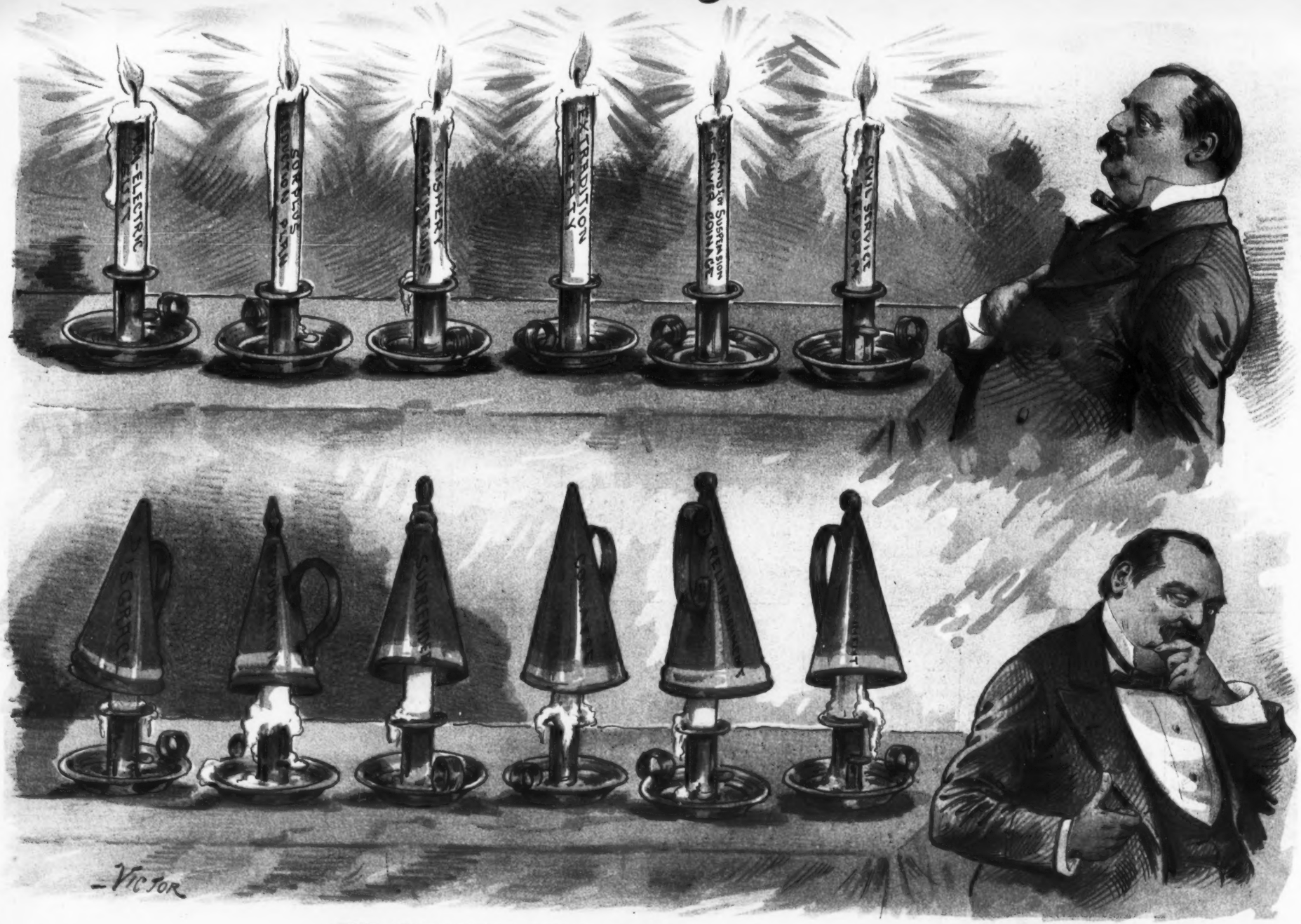

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